Link Meets Lahkesis
By Yu May and Gojira

As Link finished playing the final notes of the Song of Time on his ocarina, he stepped out of a pool of light into the strange temple of another world. This was it. After discovering the ancient variation on the melody to the musical song of Time, Link had learned not only to pass through the corridors of time in his own world, but across worlds as well.

The Temple of the Fates was an imposing structure, supported by solid marble columns carved to resemble men and women. It was as if they were in despair as they struggled to hold up the edifice. Link felt a shiver travel up his spine. The style was unlike anything he'd ever seen in Hyrule. It was ancient, beautiful, but also strangely cold. The despairing faces on the sculptures seemed to look right at him, screaming to warn him against entering.

Link drew his Kokiri sword and Deku wood shield, and made his way into the temple. As he wandered through the vast, empty corridors, he looked for monsters and traps around every corner, but the Temple of Fates was eerily empty. Finally, Link navigated to a central room. The only floor was a great circular platform, resting on a pillar which rose from the cloudy, grey water. Next to the platform was a heavy battering ram, also hanging from chains, pointing towards a large bell on the opposite side of the chamber. At the center of the room, a gigantic statue depicting the face of a beautiful woman stretched from floor to ceiling.

After examining every corner of the room, Link found a lever, and pulled it. Instantly, the pillar swung forward, slamming into the bell with a tremendous, echoing clang. Link froze, and felt the air in the room go still around him. Then, the sound of the bell began to slow, without quieting, and Link saw it two was impossibly frozen. Link felt a warm glow from the Ocarina of Time, and instantly understood. This place was touched by a magic similar to the Temple of Time.

As Link reached for the Ocarina, time began to flow again, and the bell shook and rang once more. After a few minutes, Link had worked out the architect's intention. There were two bells in the room, but only one pillar. This room was a puzzle, a test of strength and wits meant to deter foolish thieves and trespassers. If there were two bells, there had to be a way to ring the second bell, right?

Diving under the water, Link found a rusted turntable beneath the central platform. He tugged at it, but it wouldn't budge, before he was forced to come up for air.

Quickly, Link swam to shore, grabbed his satchel, and pulled out his equipment from his previous adventures.

With a grimace, Link pulled on the golden gauntlets, and felt their unnatural strength pour into his body. He wished he wasn't trapped in his childish body, before Princess Zelda had sent him back in time and restored his lost youth.

Link had to wear a pair of heavy iron boots to reach the watery floor, and strained to move the ancient mechanism. When he emerged from the water, he saw that he had spun the platform, and the battering ram was now aimed at the second bell. After pulling the lever, the second bell rang like a gong, and Link again felt a strange shiver travel up his spine as time froze around him. But again, it faded, and the bell finished ringing its deep, haunting note.

Link slammed his fist into his thigh. As he looked at the statue of the beautiful, expressionless woman, she somehow seemed to be mocking him. Her face reminded him of Princess Zelda, but there was none of Zelda's kindness in the statue's empty, white eyes.

After Link and Princess Zelda had barely survived their battle with Ganondorf, the King of Evil, she had warned him against using the powers of the Ocarina again, except in dire need. But Link remembered Ganondorf's final warning, his promise that he would return with vengeance. Link had no choice. He had to kill Ganon, once and for all.

Suddenly, Link had a flash. Climbing his way up to the second bell, Link used his full strength to ring it. The moment that he felt the air grow still, Link grabbed the Ocarina of Time, and played the first note, matching the tone of the great bell. Then, he played the Song of Time. The moment he finished the song, the sound of the bell disappeared. It didn't fade naturally. All the sound in the room was gone.

Link wanted to cheer with joy, only to find that he couldn't breathe. It was as if the air was thick and heavy all around up. Choking, Link tried to rush to the lever that controlled the battering ram, but felt like he was swimming through mid air. The Ocarina of Time burned hot at his side, but Link ignored it. As his lungs started screaming for air, Link reached the level, and pulled it. Then, he played the Ocarina of Time again, and the world sprang to life. The battering ram slammed into the second bell, and as both bells rang in harmony, Link covered his ears. At the center of the room, the statue of the woman began to crack.

Link gasped for air, and examined the results of his work. The beautiful woman's face was now marred. As he understood the key to the puzzle, Link smiled.

…

After the battering ram smashed through the stone face of the woman, Link crawled through the rubble and charged down the hidden path behind the statue. The long corridor led to an empty, high-ceilinged room, with three towering mirrors like doors, each framed ornately with tarnished gold and silver. Link recognized it from a drawing in the ancient book where he'd found the alternate melody for the Song of Time, which spoke of gods and goddesses as powerful as the goddesses of Hyrule, but without love or pity for their people. This was the Throne of Lahkesis.

As Link approached the central mirror, he saw his own reflection, but it was strangely hazy, and cloaked in shadow. Then, Link heard fluttering, and looked up. Above him, a tall, dark-skinned

woman with snow white hair swooped down, moving like a hawk coming in for the kill, but much too slowly.

Link flinched as she landed lightly in front of him. She was dressed in a toga, decorated with a thin sash, and wore a long, billowing cape of eagle feathers. Her helm was decorated to resemble an eagle with spread wings. The woman spoke in a silky voice that sounded like it came not from her throat but from far away. “We have been expecting you, child of another world. I am Lahkesis, Goddess of the Present, of the sisters of fate.”

As Lahkesis stepped toward him, Link noticed that one of her breasts was fully exposed, and bowed his head awkwardly. The woman laughed delicately. “You are polite, for a trespasser.”

Link raised his head slightly, frowning, but before he could apologize, the woman held up a hand. “No, do not speak. I already know the reason for your coming. Yes…I have always known. It is woven into the tapestry of your fate. You seek the end of a hated enemy.”

The woman waved a hand, and a disc of flame and shadow materialized in mid-air. Deep within its depths, Link could make out the face of a man, twisted in agony and hatred, screaming silently into the void. Behind the broiling black fire, the man’s face seemed to melt and reshape into that of a great beast, like a boar.

Lahkeris basked in the glow of the hellish flames. “This man, Ganondorf…is possessed by the spirit of evil. You have sealed his body in prison, but you have not destroyed his spirit. You fear his return, and the destruction of your world…so you have traveled through space and time, seeking the power held only by myself, and my sisters: the power to weave the threads of fate. I have seen the truth written on your heart, have I not?”

Link stood tall, forcing himself to look stern. “Yes.”

There was a sound of a fist slamming against glass. Link tensed, and started to draw his sword, looking for the source. To his left, he saw a second mirror, but behind his own reflection, there was the terrible face of another woman, as beautiful as Lahkesis, but black as ebony. The raving woman screamed, trapped behind the surface of the mirror, slamming her long-nailed claws against it. The second woman howled, her voice low and guttural. “Sister…little sister…I thirst! Why won’t you heed me? Our sacred temple…our image…desecrated! The one responsible stands before you now! Give him to me! ”

Lahkesis held up a hand, and the surface of the second mirror clouded over. “Quiet, Atropos! Forgive my elder sister. She is rather old-fashioned. You might say she lives in the past. It is she who measures out the thread of each man’s life, whether god or mortal, and cuts it short.”

Link blinked. “Then…she can help me stop Ganon from returning?”

Lahkesis shook her head, and glanced at the silent image of the screaming man, before the flames seemed to swallow him, and change his shape to that of a boar again. “I see you do not wish for this creature’s death out of a petty desire for revenge. Rather, it is he who seeks revenge on you, your people, your world. Your goal is noble. However…”

Lahkesis bent low, as if to whisper in Link’s ear, then snatched him by the wrist. “...even if I *could* save your world from destruction, I would not do so, for such is your fate. You see, the weave of fate *cannot* be changed. And I cannot forgive your hubris, little boy…”

Link tried to pull his hand free from the woman’s iron grip, but she towered over him. With her free hand, Lahkesis splayed her fingers, and glimmering, gossamer threads wove through the air, interlacing to form a shape made of pure light. With a final flash, a tall throne appeared in the center of the room. Dragging the boy behind her, Lahkesis strode toward the throne and seated herself. “...so, for destroying my statue, I will have to punish you severely…”

With that, she picked Link up, and draped him across her lap, bottoms up. Then she flipped up the skirt of his green tunic, and roughly tugged down his white breeches, revealing his pale, bare bottom. Link gasped as he felt the cool air tickle him from behind. He twisted to look over his shoulder, and saw Lahkesis’ expressionless face as she raised her arm high. “...With a good, bare bottom spanking, as befits a foolish little boy!”

Lahkesis brought down her hand, producing a resounding clap as her palm slammed against Link’s lower buttocks, covering a good portion of both his cheeks. Link roared, and writhed desperately to break free of the amazonian woman’s grip, but to no avail.

Lahkesis began to spank at a steady rhythm, as if counting out each passing second: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven…

As he realized the spanking was only just beginning, Link’s yelps of surprise slowly transformed into howls of despair. He tried to kick, but his undergarments caught against his knees.

Without pausing the spanking, Lahkesis started to lecture in a maternal tone of voice. “Thanks to Atropos’ knowledge of the past, I know all about your exploits in your world. Smashing pottery, breaking into people’s homes, cheating at carnival games…”

Lahkesis smiled softly, slowly, breaking her usual stoicism, and laughed melodically. “...and teasing chickens? My, my, you’re quite a naughty little boy, aren’t you?”

The sounds of Link’s strained screams were drowned out by a hideous screech. Behind her mirror, Atropos scraped her claws against the glass surface. “No, you fool! Give him to me! I want his blood!”

Lahkesis sighed, shaking her head slightly. “Elder sister, you are needlessly cruel. He is only a little boy, after all!”

Atropos slammed her head against the mirror's surface. "Little boys all grow into men! And no man may defile my temple! His life is forfeit!"

Finally, Lahkesis' smile vanished, as she rounded on her older sister. "Too late, elder sister! You had your chance to claim him in the past. But I am the Goddess of the Present. This boy belongs to me now! And I say that a spanking will suffice for his–"

With an effort, Link lifted himself up off Lahkesis' lap, and rolled onto the floor. Taken by surprise, Lahkesis squealed, almost girlishly. Link tried to sprint for the exit, but his legs gave out under him. Struggling back to his feet, Link limped toward the door, clutching his hindquarters. He could barely walk, let alone run.

Scowling, Lahkesis stood, and strode after Link. "Oh, no you don't. You can't run away from the spanking you have coming."

Lahkesis snatched Link by the back of his collar, and twisted him around to face her, kneeling low to look him in the eye. "Look at you, stumbling over your own feet like a drunkard. Are you a coward?"

As tears streamed down his face, Link shook his head, and struggled to break free. "N-noo…I'm not afraid of–"

Lahkesis reached around to plant a sharp pop across his bottom. "Liar! Of course you're afraid. You *should* be afraid. Just look at yourself, a foolish, bare-bottomed brat, trying to run away from your fate…"

Link glanced down, and saw his undergarments tangled across his boots. He tried to reach down to pull them up, but Lahkesis quickly slapped his backside, grabbed his hands, and pulled them up roughly behind his head to force him into the posture of surrender. "...No more fighting! You've been a naughty, wilful little boy, playing at being a hero. But that's all over now. From now on, you'll be treated the same way all bad boys should be…"

Slowly, Lahkesis released her hold on Link's arms, and held him by his waist. "With a long, hard spanking, just like you deserve."

For emphasis, she added a few playful pats across the seat of his green tunic. Instantly, Link dropped his hands, and tried to break her hold on him, but though he felt the magic of the golden gauntlets spark to life, her grip was unbreakable.

Shaking her head, Lahkesis scooped Link up by the waist. "Shame on you. Just for that, I'll have to make this spanking go much harder for you, until you learn to behave, and submit to your fate."

Link pumped his feet in mid air, as if trying to run away. “Nooo…”

Adjusting her grip on the boy, Lahkesis pinned him under her arm, and flipped up his skirt to reveal his bare bottom, which was already covered with mottled, red handprints. “Oh, yes, child. I see that you have many magic treasures. Music that lets you swim through the river of time. Bracelets that grant you the strength of ten men. But none of that makes you a man in truth.”

Lahkesis began the spanking again, but this time, she used her full strength with each and every slap. The moment the first spank landed, Link felt time slow to a crawl in the world around him. It was as if his body was frozen in ice, in sharp contrast to the blazing sting he felt where Lahkesis’ palm impressed against his prone, defenseless backside. Dimly, Link tried to think of anything that would rescue his helpless hindquarters, before all thoughts faded away.

With every new slap, the frozen moment in time seemed to double in length, precisely at the moment of impact. After the tenth spank, Link sensed the frozen moment dragging on for what must have been a full ten seconds, before time began to move again. Exhausted, Link hung limp, gasping for air.

Lahkesis gave Link a few not-so-gentle love taps across his bare behind, which were more than enough to flare up the stabbing stinging sensation. “Now, are you going to be a good boy, and hold still, or are you going to keep up this futile struggle?”

Link kicked his feet behind him. “Nooooo!”

Lahkesis delivered another spank at full strength. Link tried to scream, only to feel the air turn to stone in his lungs. This time, the frozen moment in time lasted for what must have been several minutes. Link felt a stinging prickle travel across his bottom, like a thousand needles pressing into him, one at a time, before being plucked out and jabbing a new spot on his bottom, over and over again. Finally, it was over.

After waiting a few moments, Lahkesis grabbed one of Link’s leather boots, and tugged it off. “Once more, are you ready to be brave?”

Link whinged, tears and snot dripping down his nose. “Puh-leeeze…”

“Please, what?”

Link gulped for air, his voice growing shaky. “Please…I’ll be good.”

Lahkesis petted his bottom gently, and flipped down his skirt. “That’s more like it. Now, on your feet, little man.”

Link sniveled as he was set back on his feet, and tottered in place unevenly as he noticed one of his boots was missing. He saw his undergarments dangling from his bare foot. Lahkesis pointed firmly at his feet. “Take off your other boot.”

Link hopped in place as he tried to pull it off his foot. Finally, he was forced to turn sheepishly, and sit down. He winced as he felt his bare bottom press against the hard, cold stone, but he was finally able to wrestle off the second boot. Noticing his undergarments, he reached for them, and started to pull them up before he heard Lahkesis behind him, clicking her tongue sharply. “Tsk, tsk. There’s no need for that strange loin cloth of yours. Fold them neatly, and hand them to me.”

Blushing furiously, Link stood, and meekly offered up his white breeches. Lahkesis accepted them, and tied the undergarments around her belt. “Now, take out all your weapons, one at a time, and lay them on the floor in front of me, in a neat line.”

Sniffing, Link rubbed his nose on the back of his arm, and pulled open his satchel. Carefully, he pulled out all his weapons. His old slingshot. A boomerang. An adult-sized bow and quiver of arrows.

Lahkesis watched carefully, until Link had emptied his satchell. “The bracelets too…and your sword and shield, of course.”

Fighting back tears, Link obeyed.

Lahkesis spread her arms, gesturing to the collection of weapons. “These…toys. Some of them are too large for a boy your age…Yes, I think I begin to see. You carry the thoughts of your past with you. Once before, you passed down the corridors of time, and walked the world as a man, seven years older than you are now.”

Link only nodded. Lahkesis picked up Link’s sword, and with a flick of her wrist, it vanished in a puff of smoke, along with the rest of Link’s equipment. Only his boots remained. “Then, you were sent back to your own time, with your lost youth restored to you…but you still remembered everything that happened to you in the other path along the river of time. All your struggles, your pain, your life as a warrior…you still carry all that with you, to this day.”

Link hung his head. Lahkesis reached out a hand, and patted him across the green cap on top of his head. “Poor, pitiable child. But none of that changes what must be. Once you were a man, a valiant hero, but now you must return to the life of a child…how humiliating.”

Link’s vision blurred, and he wept softly, but no matter how furiously he wiped his eyes, fresh tears continued to fall freely down his cheeks. Lahkesis knelt, and pulled his hands away from his face, patting him gently along the back of his wrist. “There, there. Now is not the time for tears. There will be plenty of time for crying soon enough, until all your tears have been cried out. But first…you still have a spanking coming.”

Link whimpered, but Lahkesis shook her finger under his nose. “Nah-ah! None of that whining, young man. Now, pick up those filthy boots, and leave them by the front entrance to the throne room, out of sight. Then, march your naughty little bottom straight back here, so that I can spank you again.”

Taking a deep breath, Link stooped to pick up his boots. Lahkesis stroked her chin. “In fact, let’s keep that bottom nice and bare from now on. That should help you remember your place, boy.”

Lahkesis waved her finger, and Link felt his skirt magically rising into the air behind him, exposing his bright red buttocks. Link stared at his scorched, sore seat, and glanced up at the woman with watery eyes, his lip quivering. But Lahkesis kept silent and composed. Finally, Link bowed his head and trudged toward the exit. As he reached the hallway, he caught a glimpse of light at the end of the tunnel. There was freedom, only a short sprint away.

Link wanted to be brave. But what did that even mean any more? Slowly, he set his boots down in the hallway, and reemerged in the throne room. Lahkesis smiled, and seated herself on her throne, beckoning him toward her. “Good boy. Brave boy. Come to *mamá!”*

Steeling his breath, Link tried to hold his head high, but he couldn’t stop from trembling as he approached the goddess. He halted in front of her, waiting for her to grab him and force him back across her terrible lap. Lahkesis patted her bare thigh. “Up you get. Bottoms up.”

Link climbed up the right side of the chair and crawled across her thighs. Immediately, she rested her left hand against the small of his back and raised her right hand high.

[Illustration by vscarok, commissioned by Gojira]

She started to spank at a slow, steady pace, once every few seconds, aiming at a new spot each time to cover every inch of Link's exposed buttocks and thighs with angry red marks. Link felt the fresh sting of each slap, and grit his teeth, trying to endure without crying. At the very least, he could retain his pride as a warrior. Lahkesis smiled mysteriously, and paused the spanking. "Tell me, did you ever wonder why my temple was so easy for you to traverse? Why do you think there were no guards on patrol? No armed traps?"

As Link gasped for air, his eyes fluttered open, and he felt fresh tears budding against his eyelashes. "You wanted me to come here?"

Lahkesis laughed, her voice almost musical. Then she began to spank again, harder than before, and faster, evening out the color of Link's bottom to a consistent, angry shade of blood red.. "You speak the truth of it. I foresaw that you would come here, and the terrible fate that awaited you. You see, we have a shared destiny. It is my duty to spank you for all eternity, as punishment for your naughty behavior."

Link howled a long, trailing war cry. "Oh, nooooo!"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" With an effort, Lahkesis put her full strength into her next three spanks, emphasizing each painful word. "Fear not, child, for you will not die. You see, time does not exist in this temple. Nor is there any need for sustenance. So I am free to spank you forever and ever, which is exactly what I intend to do."

Then she returned to the brisk, relentless rhythm, spanking once for every passing second.

Link kicked his feet, but the next spank landed with such force, he bucked in surprise, and let out a long, warbling wail.

From behind her mirror, Atropos watched the proceedings with undisguised menace. "Well, I say you're being far too lenient with the fool."

Lahkesis sniffed. "Come now, sister. It is my right to show mercy to the living. And after all…he is only a little boy."

Overwhelmed by the pain and humiliation, Link started to cry freely, exactly like the child he was. But his cries were soon drowned out by the steady sound of each resounding spank, and Lahkesis' beautiful laughter.

The End